THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY,

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Written for the Lily.

THE STRANGER.

BY E. K. B.

Who art thou, stranger? thou who sit'st in gloomy musing now,
So near the warm and glowing fire? O, would that I could know.
Methinks I'll read thy history, since on thy mother's knee;
When thou wert pure and innocent, nor knew thy destiny.
I see thee when thou first did leave that doating mother's side,
And push thy little shallop out upon life's treach'rous tide;
No helm of truth to guide thee on thy wild uncertain way,
Will, without wisdom, bore thee on to manhood's opening day.
I see by thy red flushing cheek, and by thy hollow eye,
That many a page in thy life's book is rife with misery.
And by that eye and cheek I read, how by thy potent part,
The first deep gush of woman's love,—the last that leaves her heart,
Was cherished, slighted, crushed, and bow'd in sadness to the earth;
—The grassy curtain covers her! And she who gave thee birth,
Ah! where is she, that aged one—thy mother, where is she?
Soon like thy meek and tender wife, her heart will pulseless be.
Alas! for deep affection—alas! for tones of love,
That come up from unknown depths the mother's heart to prove.
How often did they pass thee by, unheeded as the sound
That comes upon the misty air, when midnight reigns around?
But now, remorse, with all her train of phantoms, round thee glide:
And fancy, with dim visions fraught, is stalking at thy side;
And thus upon the unfeeling world, an outcast must thou go;
Ah! where the eye so dry, as not to bid *one* tear to flow?
But stay, I mark, tho' shaded by thy tremoring, bony hand,
Thine eye flash forth a fire like that which comes from stormy land,
Which shoots 'mid clouds of darkness, in summer's midnight hour:
'Tis mem'ry calling up the scenes of youth, and strength, and power.
It tells of noise and revelry,—it tells of wrong and shame,
Of cherished hopes by *Rum* laid low, of dirk and deadly aim,
Of ties of blessed brotherhood, too, severed and laid low,
And blood by brother's hand spill'd out, where nought but love should flow.
It almost makes my woman's heart to quail before thee now;
And yet I'll nerve me not to fear the storm that works thy brow.
I have not, would not wrong thee, by a word, or thought, or deed,
Save in divining by thy mood the life that thou hast led.
Dash thou "the fatal" cup away! Oh! touch it not again;
Go cheer the lone, the desolate—thy mother's heart of pain.
The storm that o'er the prairie sweeps, fit emblem now of thee,
May by the coming morn be past, and nature smiling be.
Go, that thy soul now tempest tossed, be calm'd to peace and rest—
So, ere thy head now blossoming, shall sleep on mother's breast.
Mercy, like nature, may come forth and shed her smile on thee,
And lead thee joyous from this scene, to bright eternity.

ORION, Ill., Sept. 28.

Written for The Lily.

MAIDEN AND WIFE;
Or, Jennie's Experience.

BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Sweet Jennie Lansing was the pride of our village, and the joy of her parents. Her smile was like a sunbeam as she flitted through the village streets, for it fell on all alike. Jennie's was a heart too full of kindness and of love, too unused to disappointment, too little versed in the chilling experiences learned by contact with the world, to doubt any human being. And she loved all after some fashion for their merits, or their beauty; for their lack of these usual essentials, and because nobody else could love them; or for various other wise and satisfactory reasons; and oftener still for no reason at all, but the spontaneous outgushing of her own loving heart. And so her very presence was a benison, and her smile a blessing. Old blind Ben knew her footstep as she met him in his morning walks, led by his grandchild, and a smile would break over his face, and almost light up with expression his sightless eyeballs. Old Widow Watson, when she weekly assembled her clique of gossips round her tea-table, always forgot to fasten any scandal upon Jennie. And though everybody in the village knew that Harry Anderson loved Jennie, and more than suspected that Jennie loved in return, even there her name was spared from ugly comment, because, as Betsy Flint, the grimmest of ancient spinsters said, "it really seemed nateral that these two should take to one another, and she believed they'd make the harnsomest couple, and the best ever married in Roseville."

Harry Anderson and Jennie Lansing had known each other from babyhood; at least Harry could remember when about in his fourth year in the full dignity of newly acquired trowsers, and veritable boots, he had been led by an elder sister into Deacon Lansing's house, and up to the spare chamber, darkened to a twilight gloom, where Mrs. Lansing lay very pale in the curtained bed, and an important person in a high cap, which gleamed white in the subdued light holding, what seemed to him a bundle of flannel, muslin, and lace upon her lap. Toward this latter person he had been drawn, though sooth to say with the greatest reluctance on his part, for he was inspired with intense awe, by his sister. But awe and bashfulness and even the joyful sense of proprietorship in boots and trowsers, all vanished at the sight of the little round red face which she showed him amidst the soft lace and ribbons; and he was told this was Mrs. Lansing's baby, that her name was to be Jennie, and that she had soft blue eyes; a fact he could not, spite of all his anxiety, then verify, as they remained obstinately closed during the whole visit. But he had seen these eyes many a time since when he held her an infant in his arms—when he guided her first toddling steps—when he led her on the shady side of the street in summer, and in the hard-trodden snow-path in winter to the village school. He had seen them full of smiles when he brought her a wonderful singing canary bird, and full of tears when this beautiful pet fell victim to the voracity of ugly, prowling pussy. He had seen them dancing in joyous light at many a festive gathering, and watched their subdued and reverent expression when, from her father's pew in the village church, she listened to the sabbath rites. But lately he had looked in them anxiously to read the answer to an inquiry struggling in his heart for utterance, and in their soft, violet depths, he had seen something which caused that manly heart to leap with joy—something that told him that the companion of his life thus far, best-loved, and only loved, would still walk beside him all his days, and be to him "a joy forever."

But "love's young dream" was not destined to remain undisturbed. Harry had long stood behind the counter of one of our village stores, dispensing ribbons, muslins, smiles and pretty sayings to the girls—calicoes, stout domestics, and pleasant jokes to the mothers;—dealing out to everybody cheerfulness with the heterogeneous articles he sold; but now there came word to him, and to his widowed mother, that an uncle in the city, supposed to be very rich, who kept a great store and employed many clerks, would make a vacancy for Harry and initiate him into the ways of business on a more extended scale than he could learn it in the country village of his birth. Harry's ambition was fired at the prospect. He was going to the great city—to leave the humdrum occupations of village life,—he should have a good salary—he would be very prudent, economical and attentive to business—in a few years his uncle would take him into partnership—then he should soon be a rich man, and able to provide a splendid home for Jennie, and his mother, in the city. His only regret at leaving his home—the only thought which damped the enthusiasm he felt in view of his new prospects, was that of leaving these two objects so warmly, yet so differently loved. How could he live without Jennie, from whom he had scarcely ever been separated for a day? But the parents of both agreed that they were far too young to marry; Harry being but twenty, and Jennie barely sixteen; and at any rate he must wait till

in business which would support them both. So he strengthened his heart by arguments and anticipations, and one fine summer morning tore himself away from the weeping Jennie, who felt as though the world were suddenly darkened to her, and heard in the singing of the birds only dirges, and seating himself in the train which passed through Roseville, was half-way to the city before she had raised her head, or ceased her dismal sobbings. In truth, he too, wore a marvellously sad expression, illy suited to his frank, laughing countenance, but was far too manly for tears. But there were many things to divert his attention, so that by the time he reached his destination, though neither Jennie's tears nor his mother's sad face were forgotten, his face had resumed quite its ordinary appearance, and he was prepared to respond to his uncle's welcome with a smile almost as joyous as was his wont.

The next day saw him introduced to his fellow clerks, and duly installed in the pursuance of his new business. Everything was new to him and seemed extremely beautiful. The store, with its marble counters and mahogany desks, with piles of gorgeous fabrics scattered round, was to his inexperienced eyes an almost scene of enchantment. His fellow clerks were such genial, good fellows; knew so much of life; could talk so well; that, though they somewhat often shocked what they called his puritanical notions, he was sure he should get on very well with them all. And then the ladies who visited the store—descending so gracefully from their carriages, or sweeping along the pavements so daintily—they were to his excited imagination almost angels, and but for the sweet, pure, face, and gentle violet eyes, which visited his dreams at night, and hovered over his pillow as he lay half wakeful, in the dark, listening to the strange rumbling sounds, and shrill cries of the wakening city at morning, I fear he might have lost his heart more than once, and become the distracted adorer of some "bright particular star," he might never hope to reach.

His attention to business pleased his uncle, and all seemed to realize his hopes and expectations. So for a time all went well;—and here for the present we will leave him, happy and contented, performing well his duties, uncontaminated by any vice, surrounded by friends, loving and beloved, and with the prayers of a pious mother and the aspirations of a pure young heart arising for him continually, as a shield, and a hallowing influence in the midst of the temptations which were about him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for The Lily.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

The last hours of the old year are fast waning. The hands upon the dial plate move rapidly onward, to the old monotonous tune of tick! quick! tick! quick! and soon the old clock will send forth, as it has often done, the last twelve notes of the funeral dirge.

Ah! another year has almost gone! and soon as that ominous "pointer" shall have reached the hour of midnight, there will remain to us nothing but the "dreamy visions of the Past."

A year! To scan the future it seems to us a long, long time; but the *past*—how short! And yet, how much has been crowded within its little compass!—how much of joy—of sorrow,—how many cherished loves, and darling hopes, ending in bitter, bitter disappointment! And now, it is all gone—past us by forever; and looking back upon it, it seems all like a bubble; and as St. Clare says, "Empty as an egg-shell." Ah! such is life. And what have we accomplished? Not how many dollars and cents we have spent in worldly pleasure; not how many transient friends we have made, but how does our credit stand in the great account-book above?—how many kind words have we spoken to the desolate?—how many dark faces have we lighted up with a smile? and how many sorrowing hearts have we made glad by our sympathies?

Happy the man who can balance day-books with his conscience, and inscribe underneath the account, "So much, to my credit." HATTY SIMMS.

—With the wicked, as with a bad dog, silence is more formidable than noise.—*Demophilus.*

Written for The Lily.

HARPERS' MAGAZINE EDITOR, AND THE WOMEN.

The editor of this deservedly popular Magazine has seen fit to read from his editorial table to the world in general, and the Woman's Rights folks in particular, a proclamation upon this subject. His grace in stooping from a position so lofty as he assumes his to be, in common with all the rest of his gender, solely on the ground of that gender, to a place so humble as he assigns to woman, merely because she belongs to a different gender, compensates in part for the tedium and prolixity of his effusion, and the superciliousness of its tone. And when the male portion of the human race consider the more than self-complacency with which he wraps around them the mantle of religion, and exults that they are so much better than their fellow beings of the other sex, they can almost, if not quite, forget that they are of woman born, or ever had any such lowly connections. They may also wonder at the condescension which has been so considerate as to apologize for bestowing attentions upon a movement, which he has been pleased to characterize as "too trifling in itself, and too much connected with ludicrous associations, to be made the subject of serious argument." And as such associations, if ludicrous, are necessarily so by their relations to others, and as he must have estimated his own as of the opposite character, his modesty becomes conspicuous in his silence about the latter, or else he deems his advantage, in common with his sex, too obvious to demand a mention.

There are, however, some signs of progress in this production over some others from a similar quarter, which justice demands we should acknowledge; if abandoning the maternity argument and taking position behind dogmas of pagan origin, can be deemed progressive. Perhaps it is wrong to say, taking position behind such dogmas, for they have always been there, and always will be; and when not found there, will be no where. But it relieves the subject of some of its absurdities that the physical contingencies of the fathers and mothers of the human race are no longer paraded as the controlling circumstances of human rights.

His charge of "ludicrous associations," as connected with the woman's rights party, readily leads one to look after the antecedents and associations of its opponents, about which, like all other aristocracies, they exhibit so much of pride and ostentation. It is not difficult to perceive that his reflections upon that subject have no reference to circumstances and conditions of life; or to moral and intellectual qualities, or culture; but to the affinity of opinions in relation to social and political rights. With such a line of distinction in view, let us parade his associates and associations for inspection, to the end that we may the better understand what he regards as ludicrous on the one hand, and what he so highly estimates as the subject of self-pride on the other.

At the head of the class, because most exclusive, stands the Australian Savage. In the true orthodoxy of his faith, he appropriates to his own use *all* that is choice, leaving the women, along with the dogs, to the refuse and offal. Every thing else to them is *tabu*. The degeneracy of civilization has never yet reached their "time-honored proprieties of social life."

The natives of the Pacific Islands, through the influence of a similar *tabu*, hold woman in a similar degraded position. And the same is true of Paganism; and Heathenism generally, always has been, and always will be, and of the political ethics of every other religion, except the Christian. The world over, the more ignorant and degraded the population, the more exclusive the aristocrats of gender in their treatment of the other sex. This is a general rule which has no exceptions, and of which, as yet, there has been recorded but one interruption. That was connected with the Sandwich Islands, and in several respects was a remarkable event of human history.

About fifty years anterior to the advent of the Christian Missionaries into those Islands, Kammehammeha, their king, and the Napoleon of the Pacific, having by conquest established his dominion over the whole, died, leaving several sons, and a widow of great energy. Up to that period, though they had made considerable progress toward civilization, the *tabu* system upon the women existed in all its unmitigated rigor. It was the prominent article of their religious faith. The widowed queen felt the oppressions of her sex, and resolved on the remedy. She rallied and organized a woman's rights party. Her sons led the opposition, aided by the heathen priesthood, who denounced that movement, as the Editor does the present, as "boldly infidel, and defiant both of nature and revelation." The two parties met in deadly conflict with all their available military forces, and the woman's rights party were the victors. As such, and upon the principle that "to the victors belong the spoils," they assumed and held the control of government. And not the least remarkable feature in the exhibition of the power of that revolution, was, that, as the female *tabu* system was so united with their religion that the abolition of the one involved the abolition of the other, they were able to abolish both. And when the Christian missionaries arrived, they found the inhabitants in the truly anomalous condition of having no religion at all. To this, more than to any other cause, has been credited the fact that Christianity was so readily adopted in those Islands.

That was the first woman's rights contest of which any account has been preserved, and the present agitation seems to be the second. And though happening under widely different circumstances, there are many points of resemblance. In each case despotic power, exclusive privileges, and a monopoly of every thing desired, distinguish the human male from the human female. In each case the disparity is the moving cause of revolution. In each case the exclusionists base their claims on religious pretentions, and divine rights.

But there are some points as widely variant. The Island contest was fought against the then dominant religion of those Islands, and ended in overthrowing, not only the priesthood, but their religion itself. The present agitation has its foundation in the great principles of equality, recognized and taught in the Christian faith. It is not true that the woman's rights agitation is an infidel movement, or bears along with it infidel tendencies. The star of Bethlehem was a star of promise to woman as well as man. It was the first to illuminate her pathway here, and first to point her to a living future. Those who suppose that human progress, or individualism, is to be promoted by denying the Christian religion, are poor, mistaken mortals, shivering in the bleakness of mere animal life, cheerless of a life to come.

In raising the cry of infidelity, the Editor is only playing one of the old tricks of despots, common to all, from the lord of an empire, to the lord of a fire-side. Almost all the wholesale wickedness and oppression of this world are worked out in the name of religion. And any other oppression, or slavery, or political inequality, is as maintainable from the precepts of Christianity, as that which distinguishes the sexes. A plain statement of the proposition is a sufficient refutation of it, without seeking authority or reason elsewhere.

He terms woman's servitude and political nothingness, "the most time-honored proprieties of social life." And as to the movement for redress, he says, "we never yet heard a passage of scripture quoted, either fairly or perversely, in its support." Indeed! The right of government based upon the universal suffrage of all male humanity has been established, and has any one ever yet heard a passage of scripture quoted in its support? And should the platform be enlarged so as to include all female humanity, would that any the more require a passage of scripture to warrant it? Can any one quote a passage of scripture that forbids it? What then becomes of this charge of infidelity? It is like charging crime on an individual on the ground that he does not prove his innocence. It is assuming the position that no social change can be sought, or political franchise conferred, without first quoting a passage of scripture in its support. This might have been pardonable two centuries ago in some benighted corner of the earth, but that such a sentiment should find a place in the editorial table of a popular journal in this age, and country, is a disgrace to both. The *tabu* system of the Heathen, for folly, injustice and absurdity, sinks into comparative insignificance.

SENEX.

Written for The Lily.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE AND DUTY.

I am aware that the proper station for woman to occupy has given rise to many conflicting opinions, and much discussion; but notwithstanding this, I would add a few thoughts to the many.

Woman's influence is great and universal. She may send out from the quiet retreat of *home*, a secret influence which will be felt in our political gatherings—in our courts of justice—indeed, in every department of human pursuit. I am aware that men are unwilling to acknowledge the great and unmeasured influence of woman in regulating the more important affairs of life—but still it is felt;—felt from the time that the merry boy prattles at his mother's knee, till in all his diguity he walks forth a man; and hence the adage, "they that rock the cradle, rule the world." Let that mother remember, that not like a statuary, is her son to stand, merely an object of beauty to the admiring gaze of the passer by—without a spirit, and one day to crumble by the devastating hand of time, and be cast among the things that were. No, the thoughts which she causes to glow in that young heart will shed forth an influence which will not only be felt in our small circles, but the powerful empire will own its sway.

Little did the mothers of Whitfield, Edwards, and Washington, realize what brilliant gems heaven had entrusted to their care. Little did they think, while watching over their gentle spirits, that their illustrious names would outlive the world, and the destiny of nations be theirs to rule. Ah! Christian mother! little do you know what God will yet do through the influence of that prattling child, whom you have instructed to place his tiny hand in yours, and bow his gentle head, as he repeats the prayer, "Our Father who, art in heaven," ere his head is laid in the grave, and his voice hushed in death. Said that great statesman, John Randolph, of Roanoke, "But for my mother's influence I should have been an infidel." Yes that tiny boy, with ruby lip, and laughing eye, through your instruction may clothe the world in the habiliments of sorrow, and gloom; or cause the broad banner of peace and happiness to float undisturbed o'er our republic.

Then what should be the character of one, holding so responsible a station? She ought to be a christian mother—one who will often seek guidance from a higher source, and one who will never fail to familiarize her offspring with sacred things, at the earliest dawn of reason. Then, mothers, discharge faithfully your duty towards those tender ones entrusted to your care.

But it is not alone as *mother*, that we witness the influence of woman;—as a *wife*, she has important duties to perform. Does it not almost exclusively rest upon her whether that fireside is witness to joy, or sorrow? Then how important that your mind be directed by right motives, that you may cause a home of happiness, where sorrow would otherwise enter. Should the turmoil and care incident to a father seem at times to weigh his spirits down, remember it is yours to banish his sorrows, to wipe away his tears, and by your soothing words to cheer his despondiug heart. But think not life is all sunshine. Expect not the same adoration after years of married life have made you familiar. This is a world of change; adversity will cross your path; trials must come. But if you place your trust in God, you will ever find sustaining grace in every hour of trial, and all will be well.

Mothers, and wives of this vast republic! although we are not permitted to occupy the Presidential chair, or sit in our halls of legislation, still we have voices which will reach where the statesman and orator cannot be heard. It is not ours to ride o'er the battle-field, and engage in the strife of battle; yet it is ours to instil in the hearts of our sons noble purposes, which will defy the assaults of the boldest invader.

And finally, let it be remembered, that from the hearthstone of every citizen issue forth the errors and prejudices which govern the world.

M. M.

—The protection of God cannot, without sacrilege, be invoked but in behalf of justice and right.

For The Lily.

A DREAM.

It was a beautiful afternoon in September, that I sat with my Virgil open before me, and a huge dictionary by my side, whilst my eyes, unmindful of the ominous looks of my teacher, lured by the beauty surrounding scenery, had wandered out the open window, and were now riveted upon the green meadows, and gaily decked forests before me. But in spite of all the interest nature's beauties could excite in my mind, the wooings of morpheus were far more agreeable; and unable longer to resist his eloquent pleadings with arguments averse to my own feelings, I at last surrendered myself to his care. The first object that met my view on arriving at the land of dreams, was a lady, apparently in waiting for me, who directed my attention to a boy and girl some four years of age, standing beside a staid looking matron who was busily employed in pointing at certain significant looking marks in the open book before her; and the children with careless indifference were repeating their names after her, alike careless and ignorant of their use, or import. As I stood silently gazing, the lady who had first directed my attention towards them, asked me if I would like to change the scene. Scarce comprehending her meaning, I nodded assent, and in a moment found myself in a large school room, surrounded by a large number of scholars, among whom I easily recognized the two children I had before seen: although in appearance some seven years had passed over them. The hair of each was a shade darker, and there was an undefinable expression almost of melancholy, upon the fine countenance of the girl; while the bold careless look of the boy presented a striking contrast. The teacher entered, and called the first class in reading. Quickly the girl came forward, and took her place in the class; and in clear tones read her exercise without one mistake. I looked around for the boy. He remained in his seat till the next class was called, when he came forward and commenced his lesson. With much stammering and hesitation he at last concluded it; but was rewarded with a demerit, and with sullen looks resumed his seat. In the various studies upon which they had now entered, I found the same difference in regard to readiness and talent, which I had noted in the first exercise. Having become satisfied with this examination, my guide placed before me the third scene.

They were now eighteen. The boy, or rather the young man, was preparing for college. Greek, Latin, French, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry, were all familiar to him, and he far outstripped the rival of his former years. With enquiring surprise plainly depicted upon my countenance, I turned toward my guide. She, gazing upon me with a strange, mournful smile, beckoned me away, saying, "your wish shall be gratified; I will explain it all. When you first beheld those children, they were but just entering upon the paths of science. Their minds were uninfluenced by the world around. Neither of them had acquired a love for aught save mother, home, and toys. Thus it was no wonder that the attempts of their patient instructor, to instil into their minds a knowledge of that for which they felt no interest, was for a time unsuccessful. Soon, however, the girl acquired a love for books, and with unrivalled ardor continued her studies. On the contrary, the boy was greatly attracted by the sports and pastimes of his companions, and with difficulty could be made to commit his lessons. Thus you beheld them at the second time. In a few years the girl mingled more in the society of the world, and the overwhelming sense of her inferior position in the minds of the mass rushed upon her. She also sees the vain, trifling affairs which engross so much of the time of her own sex, and are looked upon as their proper employments. She sees no chance for her to rise above their common level—no institution of learning open to her, above the common schools and seminaries. Her ambition is checked; her ardor cooled; whilst that of the boy is just awakening. He beholds spread out before him a vast and ample field for his labors. Every chance of improvement is opened to him. Already he fancies himself in some lofty station, applauded and flattered by the world. The hidden energies of his nature, which have long lain dormant, are now aroused, and blaze forth, fanned by the breath of ambition. And now," added she, turning to depart, "is it strange you should behold these different stages of advancement, when you consider the different influences by which they are surrounded?"

She then left me, and I was busily revolving in my mind the scenes which had passed before me, when the voice of my teacher calling for the class in Virgil, aroused me from my slumbers; and raising my head from my desk where it had fallen, I recollected that I had left Æneas upon the sand-banks, where the winds, aroused by Juno, had tossed his vessel, and regardless of his sufferings had gone quietly to sleep. But even the frown of my teacher, when informed that I had no lesson, could not move me; for the remembrance of my vision was yet fresh in my mind, and my interest in my studies was cooled, I thought, forever. But on returning home that night I chanced to see a copy of The Lily, which told of the glorious labors of woman, in striving to free her sex from the galling chains that bind her down; and having read it, hope again revived in my mind; and the next day found me pursuing the fortunes of the gods, and Heroes of olden times, with more eagerness than ever; with the hope that I might be enabled to lend some feeble aid to the heroines of our own age, who are so nobly fighting for the oppressed and downtrodden.

Faustina.

N. Turner, Dec., 1853.

An Indignant Lady in a Doggery.

The Cambridge City (Ind.) *News*, relates the following:

"On Thursday of last week, a young man of this place (whose name we shall withold) became intoxicated, and so continued for some three days, to the great mortification of his young wife and acquaintances. During this time his wife visited all the houses in this place where liquor is sold, and politely requested them not to sell her husband any more. They all declared that they had not and would not sell him any liquor. One Thursday afternoon, while out in search of her husband, she was informed that he was in a *sink-hole* near the railroad. The lady immediately went there, and found her husband drunk and almost senseless. At the lamentable condition in which she found her husband, she became very much enraged at the doggery keeper. Provoked to madness, she seized a club of about two and a half feet in length, and set in upon the whisky shop.—The first lick she broke to pieces a large decanter, filled with whisky, just placed on the counter as she stepped in, for the accommodation of some of his drunken sots then within. The next move she swept pitcher and glasses from the counter; this made the old doggery keeper furious; he attacked the lady, while she with both hands seized the club, and with one fell stroke brought his highness to the floor. He raised the cry of murder and fled. The rest of the inebriates, seeing the practical demonstrations of her strengthas practised on the keeper, fled as fast as their legs could bear them away from the scene. Having the shop to herself, she cooly and deliberately went to the whisky barrel and beer keg, and broke the faucets, causing the contents to run out over the floor; after which she broke all the jugs, bottles, and flasks that could be found, and which he kept for the accommodation of his blossom-nosed customers."

Female Printers—We see some of our cotemporaries are employing young ladies to set type. We have tried it nearly four years. Our two oldest daughters are competent type-setters. We are making arrangements for having both our papers set up by female operatives.

We therefore shall carry out what we consider as an essential element of "Woman's Rights," viz. The right to labor in any employment, consistent with honor and integrity, and to receive therefor compensation according to the quality of the work done, and not the sex of the worker. We shall probably employ three or four more than our present force.—*Home Circle.*

—The cause of freedom is identified with the destinies of humanity, and in whatever part of the world it gains ground, by-and-by will be a common gain to all those who desire it.—*Kossuth.*

For The Lily.

A Few Thoughts on Health and Dress.

BY BET BARBER.

"Come range with me the royal hills,
Ye smitten by disease and care;
Come view the laughing, dancing rills,
And quaff the health-restoring air;
The heart will throb with vigor new,
The blood flow thrilling through each vein,
The cheek will doff its pallid hue,
And wear the rosy blush again."

—HORACE.

"I want a companion who knows something of the laws of life and health, and such a one I cannot find," said a gentleman, not quite thirty-five, to a lady of his acquaintance, with whom he was conversing.

"Indeed you surprise me," said Miss Hull, "as Mrs. F—— told me several years ago when you visited her, you had found one, in the village where you now reside, in whom you thought were concentrated all the good qualities desirable in a companion,—Comprising a certain amount of good looks, education, &c. Mrs. F—— remarked that she was not wealthy, and that you thought—if money comes, well; if not, then will come in its place *character*, and unless the Bible is a lie, that passes as *legal tender* in the world just above this! All this was repeated to me with an air of confidence, and knowledge, and I, of course, had no reason to doubt it."

"Well, I will not dispute it, leaving time to prove its correctness. Do you not think it essential a young lady should be acquainted with the 'laws of life and Health?'"

"Of course, I consider no young lady properly educated, and fitted to perform the duties of life properly, until somewhat acquainted with its laws. Many young ladies admire the order and perfection of the works of Nature, yet, are now marring, and hastening to an early grave the noblest works of the Creator. How little they would believe a person were he to tell them they were slowly, yet surely committing suicide, by thus compressing the waist beneath the tight boddice, and stiff whalebones of the present day.

"How readily they will laugh at, and censure the poor Chinese for their small feet; and talk of the absurdity of the Flat Headed Indians in crowding their brains back, and not thinking, as we do, a person's Intellectuality may be somewhat told by the forehead the Creator has given him.

"I received a letter from my old friend, Eva; I think you have not quite forgotten her."

"Oh no, what is she doing?"

"She is housekeeper for her father, brother, and sisters, and is as happy as those who labor for the good of those they love, always are. Her father thinks she is as fond of fun as ever; having come to the conclusion that years will not lessen her mirthfulness. Years ago, Eva's father was an Alopathist, but now inclines to Hydropathy, and Eva says, as they have for years been nearly Vegetarians, they look for Health as a permanent guest at their happy home; they are fully aware disease and death belong to this life; but they will take care they come not to them by the wilful transgression of Nature's Laws. But when sent as chastisements by their Heavenly Father, they will endeavor to bow meekly to the will of One who is 'too good to err, too just to be unkind.' A number of years since, when we were quite young, I spent sometime with Eva at her father's. While there, Eva being somewhat unwell, it was thought best by her friends, (as an ounce of prevention is thought to be worth more than a pound of cure,) to give her a dose of Allopathy. Accordingly it was prepared and set upon the table, and Eva and myself were left alone in the room.

Eva took the glass, and hardly putting it to her lips enough to taste it, I was surprized to see her pour the contents out of the window.

"'Why Eva,' said I, 'What do you mean thus to throw away your medicine?'"

"'You believe in good taste, do you not, Miss Censurer?"

"Of course, I do," I replied, not imagining what that had to do with the medicine.

"And as I do also, and not thinking Epsom Salts, in accordance with my taste, I thought I would shower the flowers under the window, and it may accelerate their growth. I am sure it will be better for them than for me—or perhaps you would like some? Every one to their taste."

"No, thank you," I replied, not liking the idea at all. Several hours after her father asked if she was not better; remarking he was "sure the medicine would cure her."

"Not long after, when Eva was fifteen, she spent several months with an uncle, in a village situated among the hills. While there, going with some girls to visit a cascade among the hills, Eva became tired out—not being as accustomed to climbing hills, and crossing gullies, as her companions. The next day, not being well, after so fatiguing a ramble, her aunt proposed sending for a physician. That not being in accordance with Eva's wishes, her aunt said some people thought Eupatorium Perfoliatum an excellent remedy, and if taken nearly boiling hot, might throw her into a perspiration, or answer as an emetic. She would prepare some if Eva persisted in not calling a physician. She, of course consented, as she thought, anything but an owner of 'pill bags,' filled with all sorts of stuff to frighten children into getting well. Her aunt prepared the tea, and watched her until it was all taken. Remarking afterwards that she 'was sure where it would go, by the mischievous looks of Eva's eyes, as she turned to go from the room, for the second bowl full—and she would not have blamed her much, as it was very bitter.'

"That was the last favor Allopathy received from Eva.

"While with her uncle's family, the chamber-maid said to her, 'I pity you, Miss Eva, very much."

"'Why so?' remarked the light-hearted maiden —'I think I had better pity you, as you are away from your friends, and in a strange land. Now, Miss Mary, for the cause of your pity?'

"'The reason, Miss Eva, is that your father being a doctor, you have taken so much medicine that it has made you very slender. And sure you'll never enjoy the good health I do. Indade, Miss, I would weigh double the pounds you do.'

Eva replied with a laugh, not caring to weigh nearly two hundred pounds.

"By the way, how do you like Mrs. Gray's new dress? I did not know whether you were in fun, or earnest, when you spoke of the Bloomer Costume not long since. Nor was I quite sure, but you were laughing at my expense. Now give me your candid opinion?"

"Why, Miss Hull, you did not think a gentleman could make fun of so decided an improvement in the dress of the ladies? I think if the ease, and comfort of the fair wearers were called in question, they would speak loudly in its praise. And no other dress can be compared to it—as far as health and convenience are to be considered. If people would live naturally, dress naturally, and do everything in obedience to God and those laws which he has fixed, the amount of suffering would be greatly lessened. Does not our muddy roads, at this season of the year, test the superiority of the short dress over the long one?"

"I certainly think it does; I'm half inclined to try one."

"Do so, by all means, and I think you will be able to say success to Hydropathy and the Bloomer Costume.

The *Home Journal* says that Miss Elma M. Gove, a young lady known for five years past as an earnest student in art, who has availed herself of every facility, and profited by the instructions of the best masters, has solved the problem of woman's rights, so far as she is concerned, by bravely opening a studio, at 442 Broadway, (the site of the old Olympic,) where she is taking, chiefly in crayon, admirable portraits, full and cabinet size, of ladies, gentlemen, and children. Miss Gove has taken already a high place as an artist, and we are glad to know, and to state for the encouragement of others, is, in a business point of view, entirely successful.

—I feel within me a peace above all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience.—*Shakspeare.*

THE PRAIRIE FIRE AND THE RUM FIRE.

The prairie fire! at midnight hour
The traveler hears it roaring by—
A form of terror and of power,
That walks the earth and licks the sky.

The wild deer on his grassy bed,
Wakes from his dream of breaking day,
Listens, and lifts his antlered head,
Snuffs the hot blast and bounds away.

Where that destroying angel goes,
Borne on the wings of autumn's wind,
He leaves no grass, no prairie rose,
But all is scorched and black behind.

But when spring comes, a flowery belt,
Across the prairie's bosom thrown,
Shows us that where his foot was felt,
The angel dropped a jeweled zone.

—*Rev. John Pierpont*

Liquor Law in Sweden.

In Sweden, whoever is found drunk is fined, for the first offense, three dollars; for the second, six; for the third or fourth, imprisonment is added to the fine, and he is deprived of the right of voting at the elections, or holding office, and subject to exposure in the church on Sunday. If the same individual is found committing the same offense a fifth time, he is imprisoned six months and condemned to hard labor.

If a professor of religion, it is still more severe, and he is cut off from the church. Whoever is convicted of intoxication is fined three dollars, which sum is doubled for every offense. An ecclesiastic who falls under the offense loses his benefice. It is strictly forbidden to give or sell spirituous liquors to students, servants, or apprentices. Whoever is found drunk in the streets, or making a disturbance in a public house, is imprisoned and fined —one-half the fine goes to the informer, and the other half to the poor. Twice in a year these ordinances are read aloud in the churches by the clergy, and every tavern keeper is bound to have a copy hung up in the principal room in his house, under heavy fines. Under these regulations scarcely a drunkard is to be found.—*Sherbert's Travels.*

Would that we had such a law, both in Church and State, in this country.

We copy the following paragraph from a letter sent us by Mrs. FILKINS, agent of the Woman's N. Y. State Temperance Society. Thousands of similar instances are occurring every day in this enlightened (?) land. Women are everywhere made the victims of man's cruel and beastly passions, and the laws' oppression and injustice. And yet they are coolly told it is not for them to raise a hand or a voice to free themselves from their oppressions.

"Oh! my heart aches, my blood curdles, as I hear from day to-day new facts of the poverty, and woe, and distress, of whole families, who are under the heartless tyrany of inebriated husbands, and sons.

"It is but a few years, since a fiend in human form,—*called* a *man*—drank *rum*, then returned to his home, and *literally whipped his wife to death*, with an ox gad; and after the spirit had flown to God, the husband continued to bruise and beat the lifeless tabernacle of clay.

"To-day, there is within a few miles of the same place, an aged mother, whose head is silvered o'er for the grave; she has a son—the youngest of her family—the idol of her heart, on whom she has leaned with increasing affection, through the weary years of her widowhood. That son has been ruined by *rum*, and now from week to week drinks, and returns to his old mother with curses, and the most *cruel* treatment, and compels her to go out in the cold, dark nights, to seek protection, among her neighbors."

—The good are made better by ill.—*Rogers.*

—It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortunes of others.—*Publius Syrius.*

THE LILY.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, JANUARY 16, 1854

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ZANESVILLE.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 10, 1853.

D——. I reached this city about an hour since, and am comfortably quartered in the home of our friend, S. D. HARRIS, of the *Cultivator*, and his estimable wife.

My trip to Zanesville yesterday was a pleasant one; and more especially so because of the route being a new one to me. The country east of Newark, through which the railroad passes, to Zanesville, is for the most part wild, mountainous and rocky, and in some places quite picturesque and romantic. There are no villages of much size between Newark and Zanesville, but there are many small settlements which cause frequent stoppings of the cars. I can hardly give you any idea of Zanesville, as my stay there was so short, and my view of it limited to a glance from the windows of the cars, and from the omnibus as we passed up the street to the Winslow House. I much desired to walk out this morning, and take a look at the city, but was prevented on account of the train leaving directly after breakfast.

I feel quite sure I should not like Zanesville as a place of residence.

It is enveloped in a cloud of smoke, which prevents one from distinguishing anything at a little distance, and which so fills the atmosphere as to cause an unpleasant and choking sensation when inhaling it. But the cloud which settles upon the dwellings, I am sure does not rest upon the hearts of the people. I have ever heard Zanesville spoken of as a very conservative place; and even on my way was told by a gentleman in the cars that I would find it hard to make an impression there, as they were real "old fogies." But my impressions of its people since my visit, are quite the reverse of this. I was told that great efforts were made to secure lectures on scientific, and other subjects, and that such lectures were well attended. A hundred dollars had been offered to Theodore Parker, of Boston, for a lecture; but it is uncertain whether this sum will be a sufficient inducement to bring him so great a distance. All this speaks well for the intelligence and liberality of the citizens of Zanesville.

For myself I can say that I never met with a warmer reception, or was treated with greater respect and attention in a city of strangers, than I received in Zanesville. To JESSE ATWELL, who took charge of the arrangements for my lecture, and to ALONZO P. WINSLOW, and wife, of the "Winslow House," I am especially indebted for many marks of kindness and attention. I know nothing of the other hotels in that city; but the "Winslow" is a well kept house, and its proprietor "every inch a gentleman." I would bespeak for this house a liberal share of patronage from the traveling public.

My lecture was listened to by a very large and attentive audience. Indeed, all who came were not able to get within the doors. Judging from the expression given after the meeting, people were well satisfied with this, their first lecture on Woman's Rights. I was earnestly requested to lecture again this evening; but as I had made an engagement to be in Columbus to-night, I was under the necessity of declining. I however gave them a partial promise of another visit at some future day. Altogether my visit to Zanesville was a very pleasant one,—and hereafter when I hear the people of that city stamped as "old fogies" I shall hold it a base scandal.

I left Zanesville this morning at about half-past eight, and arrived in this city an hour or two since. I have not yet learned what are the prospects for the Convention, or any particulars in regard to it, except that it is to be held in the Baptist Church. More anon. Yours, A. B.

From the Columbian.

THINK OF IT, GENTLEMEN.

Yes, think of it. Having to endure the miserably offensive odor of tobacco, and the sight, too, of blackened teeth and soiled lips; we can scarce meet a man, without being obliged to turn our faces from him, to avoid breathing the smoke puffing from his mouth, filling the atmosphere all around him with anything but a pleasant odor.

When we find ourselves in the street, or in a company of *gentlemen*, we deem it more comfortable to endure suppressed breathing, with the handkerchief at the nose, than to inhale the atmosphere saturated with filthy tobacco smoke.

And then, the spitting. Oh, could you but know and feel the provocation—the sickening it causes! Indeed, we feel it our right to complain of our discomforts. We will not undertake to inform you of, and to prove, the extremely injurious effects of using tobacco, in any way; because many of you know that, full well. But we will protest against the use of it, on the ground of the misery it inflicts upon ourselves. Imagine anything you thoroughly dislike, think how pleasant it would be to have to endure it, then remember us. For hardly anything can be thought of, more offensive than tobacco is to us. At the same time you endure an inconvenience, if you know that it might be so easily remedied, how much harder it is.—Scarcely know we how to quit the subject; feeling as if half the truth only had been uttered in complaint. We do hope you will take the subject into kind consideration, for our sakes, if not for your own. Remember it is no small matter to be instrumental in subjecting so many to such unpleasant sensations. Surely, there are causes of discomfort enough in the path of life, without your adding to them. A LADY.

We are glad "A LADY" has spoken on this fruitful, though disgusting subject; but we regret that she has not courage to write over her own signature. Here is the great fault of women.—They deplore this great evil almost as much as they do the use of intoxicating drinks, and yet they endure its annoyance in silence;—or if they do let out their feelings, it is done in a fearful, timid manner, as though they were doing a wrong, or feared offending some of the gentlemen (?) tobacco drunkards. If when "A LADY" finds herself in the street, or elsewhere in company with one of these gentlemen smokers, she would boldly, yet respectfully say to him, that he must either dispense with his cigar or her company, she would do a good service, and soon free herself from the necessity of breathing through her handerchief.

And if all women who deplore this great evil, would freely speak their thoughts on this subject to those whom it concerns, and at the same time carefully guard their sons from contracting the vicious, destructive habit, they might soon work a change which would prove a blessing to them, and to society at large. How common a thing it is to see a young man when talking with a young woman, between every sentence, put his cigar to his mouth, and take a whiff or two, and eject the smoke in her face. The lady bears it all without complaint, or even a hint that it is offensive to her, when perhaps her stomach is heaving with the sickness it occasions her. But when in the company of her own sex, she will freely declare her abhorrence and detestation of the filthy weed, and speak in any thing but approving terms of the manners of those who use it.

We abominate tobacco above all things next to intoxicating drinks. It is hard to tell which is the most disgusting, the smoker or the chewer.—The one nauseates and sickens, by filling our lungs with the poisonous atmos phere, by which he surrounds us; while the other sickens us with the sight of the filthy fluid with which he besmears everything around him—not excepting his face and his shirt bosom. And then if he comes near you—*pooh!* what a breath! Oh! how we pity the poor wives who have to be subjected to the impure atmosphere, and the many discomforts occasioned by the pernicious habit of using tobacco!

We feel particularly sensitive on this subject just now; for we had no sooner got our office floor cleaned and carpeted, and our stove nicely blacked, than in came one of our gentlemen tobacco chewers, and made a wreath of black flowers on the floor round the stove; and thinking there were not enough pictures on the stove already, he added to them by squirting tobacco spittle over it—forming various, strange, and unsightly figures.

We were absent at the time, or we should have entered a protest against such proceedings. We beg our gentleman friends to remember that we go for woman's rights—and one of these we hold to be the right to keep the premises under her charge, in a clean and healthy condition.

We shall be happy to see you all at our office, gentlemen—but pray leave your cigars, and "*quids*" outside.

THE WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

We find on our return home from Columbus, that THE LILY is so near ready for press we have not room to give any report of the proceedings of the Convention. We were not able to send on a report in advance of our coming, as our time was so wholly occupied with the business of the Society we had no opportunity to prepare one.

The Convention was not as large as we had hoped, yet was very respectable in numbers. Many prominent women whom we expected to see, and who should have been in attendance on such an occasion, to have aided, counseled, and strengthened the more shrinking, and less capable ones, were absent. We regretted this, as the cause never stood more in need of their labors than now; and never was there more to hope for from woman's efforts, or a brighter prospect of her accomplishing a good work than at the present time.—But though deprived of the assistance of some upon whom they had relied for aid, the Society did not for that reason become discouraged, or falter in its work. Much was accomplished in the way of placing the Society on a firmer basis, and preparing the way for more efficient action; we trust that at the next Annual Meeting it will give a good report of itself.

In our next we shall give a report of the proceedings; list of officers for the ensuing year, resolutions &c. The Constitution of the Society, as altered and amended, will be found in this number.

☞ W. W. French; your paper is sent regularly in a package to Wilton, Saratoga county, N. Y.

—The number of poets in the United States is now estimated at 5025. Greece had only one.

BE NOT DISCOURAGED.

We greatly regret to hear that a feeling of disappointment and discouragement, caused by the adverse result of last fall's election, pervades to a considerable extent, the minds of temperance men and women throughout Ohio. Many of them feel as though the contest was almost hopeless, and express a willingness to drop the agitation of the subject for a while, that the people may drink of the terrible cup of intemperance to its very dregs. They argue that by such a course, the full extent of the evil will be made plain to every mind, and that so great will be the increase of crime, misery and taxation, that the whole community will, ere long, arise in its might, and drive the destroyer from its midst.

This feeling we know is natural, and we have also sometimes felt like yielding up the contest, without further effort, and thus leave our opponents to reap the full extent of the evils we combat, but then the solemn question comes up, IS IT RIGHT? Have professed advocates of a great and good cause, the right thus to lay aside their weapons of warfare, and fold their arms in inglorious ease, while the desolating torrent rolls on engulphing in its course, so much that is good and just and lovely in the land? These questions must both be answered, we think, in the negative, and if so, then the line of duty by which every friend of sobriety and good order, of every lover of his race, of every advocate of morality and religion, is required to walk, is plainly defined and cannot be departed from, without a sacrifice of all self-respect, and consistency of action. This being so, the opponents of liquor drinking and liquor selling in Ohio, cannot without dishonor, withdraw from the contest, even if they desired to do so, but must continue to labor on unceasingly and unfalteringly until a noble triumph shall crown their efforts.

And we say to them, one and all, be not discouraged. The enemy is not invulnerable, nor does the temporary victory which he achieved in the last contest, afford any evidence that he may not be beaten in the next. The same adverse influences which existed then, may never exist again. The distractions and selfish influences, which may have entered into that contest, may never again rise up to disturb and neutralize our efforts, and the whole Temperance army may therefore be able to bring its influence to bear in favor of the accomplishment of its one great purpose, the overthrow of the liquor traffic. Besides, the people are becoming more and more enlightened upon that subject. The heavy taxes which they are now compelled to pay, caused as they are in a great measure by crime and pauperism flowing from intemperance, will, if nothing else will do it, open their eyes, to the necessity of doing something to close up this prolific fountain of evil, opened in their midst. The example of other States also, will not be without its influence, and when the people of Ohio, see as they will see, the Maine Law in successful operation in New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, and New England, they will no longer hesitate to place it upon their statute books, and insist upon its faithful observance.

With these considerations, urging Temperance men to renewed and increased effort in the good work they have undertaken, we think they can no longer hesitate to enter once more upon the work before them. Let the agitation of the subject preparatory to the fall campaign, be immediately commenced and vigorously prosecuted. The political parties are already marshaling their forces, and can the friends of Temperance, engaged as they are, in a work of vastly more importance than the mere triumph of any political party, be less vigilant, earnest, and energetic in the prosecution of their labors, for the good of their fellow men? We think not—and we are therefore glad to see a call for a State Convention at Columbus, on the 1st of February—and we hope that measures will then be adopted, which will not only show that the Temperance men of Ohio are in earnest, but which will eventuate in sending to the Capitol next winter, a MAINE LAW LEGISLATURE. *

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

It will not be expected nor thought proper for a woman to review this document, or give an opinion on its merits; since it discourses of matters which she is supposed to know nothing about, and which are believed to be beyond her comprehension. Yet there is one subject broached by his Honor which we must take the liberty of saying a few words upon. He says:

"Permit me, in connection with this subject, to call your attention to the very large number of juveniles now confined in this institution. Considerations of sound policy as well as of humanity, create strong doubts in my mind as to the propriety of the present system of punishing this class of delinquents. Offenses committed by boys are usually the result of idleness, improper associations, and the absence of proper parental care.

They are very different in degree and moral turpitude from those of the deliberate and common criminal.

Punishment, besides securing the peace and safety of society, is designed to repress crime and reform the offender. The last of these subjects is particularly applicable to the inexperienced and unfortunate youth. While many of the old are entirely beyond the reach of hope, there is scarcely a youth that may not be reclaimed.

To bring about this result, however, a classification of offenses, founded upon the age of those by whom they are committed, should be recognized by law, and an institution organized, with facilities for teaching the juvenile offender the various pursuits and duties of life, together with the elementary branches of a common education. Institutions of this character have been established in several of our sister States, and in every instance have produced the most salutary results."

It is well that the Governor has called attention to the youthful criminals confined within the prison of the State; and all honor is due him for recommending that this unfortunate and injured class be placed in an institution where they may be reclaimed by proper training and education, instead of being punished, by incarceration within the gloomy walls of a prison, for crimes for which others are more responsible than they. But it is a great pity that his Excellency, when writing on this subject, failed to call attention to the true source of so much youthful crime and depravity—that in recommending a cure for the already depraved, he neglected to trace the stream of iniquity to its fountain head, and to recommend the removal of the cause which has not only already filled our prisons and lunatic asylums with inmates, but is yearly, nay daily, adding to their numbers. He tells us that "offences committed by boys are usually the result of idleness, improper associations, and the absence of proper parental care." But there is a cause back of all this, which, with all his wisdom, he failed to discover,—or having discovered, he lacked courage to proclaim it. These juvenile criminals seldom come from the ranks of the educated, wealthy and refined; or from those of the virtuous and intelligent poor. Whence then do they originate? Ah! there is little need of searching far for an answer. In dark cellars, rickety garrets, and miserable hovels, these unfortunate ones have birth; and their surroundings are pinching poverty, grim want, filth, profanity, blows and curses. Such is the school in which they are educated. And is it strange, when thus conceived in sin, born amid filth and depravity, and reared to all kinds of iniquity, that they should soon find a home in a prison?

But where lies the cause of this great evil? Who is responsible for the sins of these young criminals? Who is answerable for the ruin of so many immortal souls? The parents, doubtless, must bear their full share of guilt; but there are others more guilty than they. We answer that *drunkenness*—the TRAFFIC IN INTOXICATING DRINKS, is the prolific source of *nine-tenths* of all this youthful depravity! And they who suffer this traffic to continue—they who refuse, or neglect to enact and enforce laws for its entire prohibition—they are responsible for all the evil consequences flowing from it. So long as this pauper-making, crime-engendering business is tolerated and encouraged, so long will it find victims, and so long must the children of the drunkard be visited with the bitterest sorrows which follow in its train.

The State may establish institutions for their reform; it may build penitentiaries for their confinement and punishment, but all this will not work a cure so long as the stream of corruption and death is suffered to flow on, and swallow up all that is good, noble, and virtuous in man. It is no wonder that Governor Medill has doubts as to the propriety of the present system of punishing youthful offenders. It is unjust—it is cruel, thus to visit upon the children the sins of their parents, and of their rulers; it is unjust and inhuman to punish the victims of the murderous liquor traffic, while the real criminal—the trafficker—is sufferred to go at large, exulting in the misery he has caused.

We know nothing of Governor Medill's principles, but we think he cannot be a temperance man, or he would not have passed this subject by without alluding to the great source of crime and immorality, and recommending the passage of a law for its prohibition. Last winter Governor Hunt, of New York, spoke out on this subject in his message, and we are happy to know that Governor Seymour has followed his example. Both attribute the increase of crime, pauperism and taxation to the liquor traffic; and we trust their suggestions will awaken interest in the subject, and point out a true remedy for these evils. Ohio will come up to her duty yet—but she must bide her time.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"TIGHT DRESS WAIST." This is a good subject, but the article before us is not written with sufficient care. It needs altering and punctuating; and this we have not time to do.

"KIT KARSON." The temperance address sent us with this signature is in many respects faulty. It may have sounded very well when delivered, but would not read well in print.

"MY SISTER'S 27th BIRTH DAY." Some of the verses are very well, but others will not do at all; so we can neither "accept it," nor "call it sublime."

"BELIND BUDGET." We hope to hear from this writer again. One who can do the cause of woman so much good service has no right to bury her talent.

"A Parody," in our next.

—No man ever offended his conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.—*South.*

We give below the Constitution of the "State Temperance Society of the Women of Ohio," as altered and amended at the Annual Meeting of the Society, held in the city of Columbus on the 11th and 12th insts.

CONSTITUTION.

ART. I. This Society will be called the State Temperance Society of the Women of Ohio.

II. The object of this Society shall be to promote the cause of Temperance by the practice and advocacy of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating beverages.

III. The following shall be the pledge adopted by this Society:

No member of this Society shall make, buy, sell, or use, as a beverage, or for culinary purposes, spiritous or malt liquors, but shall in all ways discourage their use in community.

IV. The officers of this Society shall be elected annually, and shall consist of a President, Vice Presidents, a Recording Secretary, a Corresponding Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of eleven—of which the President, Secretaries, and Treasurer, shall be members. All of the officers, except the Vice Presidents, shall be elected by ballot.

V. The President shall preside at all the meetings of the Society, or in her absence, one of the Vice Presidents.

VI. The Recording Secretary shall keep a record of all the proceedings of the Society, and of the Executive Committee.

VII. The Corresponding Secretary shall perform all the duties of correspondence pertaining to this Society.

VIII. The Treasures shall safely keep the funds of the Society, and shall only pay out monies belonging to the Society by a vote of the Executive Committee, certified by the Chairman of the same.

IX. The Executive Committee shall have power to fill vacancies, and to adopt such measures as they shall think best calculated to promote the object of the Society, and shall make a full report of their proceedings at each Annual Meeting.

X. The Executive Committee of this Society shall hold meetings for the transaction of business on the first Wednesday of June, September, December and March.

XI. The Annual Meeting of the Society shall be held in the month of January, at such place as shall be fixed upon by the Executive Committee; of which, time and place, they shall give due notice.

XII. Any women may become a member of this Society by signing the Constitution and paying fifty cents into the treasury annually.

XIII. The payment of ten dollars, at any time, will secure life-membership.

XIV. Gentlemen may become *honorary* members on the same conditions as above.

XV. This Constitution may be altered or amended at any Annual Meeting of the Society, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

☞ We gladly welcome SENEX to our columns again. He has added much to the interest of our paper heretofore, and we shall hope for a continuance of his favors. We prize his articles because he knows whereof he speaks. CIVIS and SENEX are both members of the legal profession; and with two such to stand by our side to expound to our readers justice and the laws, we think women will not long remain in their present state of quiet ignorance.

EXPEDIENCY OF PROHIBITION.—In the course of an address delivered last year in the Masonic Hall, Pittsburg, by the Right Rev. Bishop Potter, he used the following forcible language:

"We all consider it madness not to protect our children and ourselves against small pox, from vaccination—and this, though the chance of dying by the disease may be but one in a thousand, or one in ten thousand. Drunkenness is a disease more loathsome and deadly even than small pox. Its approaches are still more stealthy, and the specific against it—total abstinence—has never failed, and cannot fail."

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LILY.

☞ In the general stirring up, and cleaning out of drawers and "pigeon holes," attendant upon our removal hither, the following letter from Mrs. GAGE turned up to our astonished gaze. We owe an apology to Mrs. GAGE for not publishing it before; but we know not how to make one, as it is a mystery to us how we came to hide it away among our private letters. As its date shows, it was written nearly a year ago; but it has lost nothing by lying treasured up so long; and we are sure it will be read with pleasure and profit by her, and our, numerous friends and readers.—[ED. LILY.

Letter from Mrs. Gage.

JANUARY 26, 1853.

MRS. BLOOMER—After an absence from home of eight weeks, I returned again last evening to that fireside that charms as no other can; and as I warmed my cold feet before it, and blessed silently the All-Father for my safe return—while the tear of joy was yet glistening on the travel-worn cheek, to find my boys all looking so healthy and happy, a pile of letters was laid in my lap for perusal; and among them yours of the 6th of December. I agree with you exactly, in your ideas of exercise. Many a woman who would laugh at you for bidding her exercise, is killing out heart and soul in a dull, never ending round of uncheered and unaided toil;—not that I would say one word against useful and necessary labor,—far be it from me. But many a woman, through her mistaken notions of what is good housekeeping, makes her work a suicidal profession. All the windows must be darkened; the sun and air excluded, and sombre shadows, as dark and mystical as her own thoughts, fall upon all the works of her hands. Pastries, pies and puddings rack her brain, and the stomachs of her household. Jellies, preserves, and pickles, haunt her midnight pillow, as well as the noonday feast; and ghosts of trials and troubles stretch out their gaunt arms to embrace her, as they stand around her sleepless couch; when if she would but lift the curtains, and let down the windows, they would vanish into thin air, and be breathed into the lungs to cheer and comfort, where they had frightened and oppressed.

"I have not set my foot on the ground for two whole weeks," said a lady friend, the other day. "I have had so much to do, I could not get time. All the winter clothes were to be prepared," &c. It was all explained at a glance. There was Sissy's cloak;—what pretty quilting a finger deep round the edge! and Tommy's new claret colored French merino suit, covered with worsted braid, a week's work; and thirty-six buttons on master Charley's new roundabout,—

> "While twice a day, from top to toe,
> The house she'd swept, above, below—
> And every floor was scrubbed so bright
> You durst not stand upright,
> For fear of sliding;
> But this was what my weary friend took
> Pride in."

Such a system of things is neither good exercise or good housekeeping; and it is hardly possible that those who use it, should fail to become earth's fretting ones, and think that labor is a fearful evil, and exercise a hard drudgery. But neat, over nice housekeepers, as well as idle improvident ones, will learn a better wisdom one of these days; and the labor of love will be converted by a patent from the office of common sense, into a saving exercise, and soul-cheering amusement.

Our Ohio State Temperance Convention was as well attended as was expected; and on the whole far more successful, I think, than was at first anticipated. I was greatly disappointed in not being able to be with them, having been detained by high water and heavy fogs on the Mississippi, after I left St. Louis. But I was in at the end, and heard the words of commendation that were spoken on all hands, of our strong and talented women, who had ventured out of their "spheres" to plead for the fainting and toiling children of humanity, who are everywhere lifting up their hands, and crying with agonized voices, "Deliver us from temptation!"

The Convention will give a stirring interest to the Temperance cause in Ohio; for woman's labor and influence is beginning to be appreciated and sought; and if woman will but put her hand earnestly and resolutely to the work, the work will be done. The influence of one half of the people—even if that moiety be "poor weak women"—will move the three-fourths of the other half who are now *leaning* towards soberness, to a more efficient action to relieve Ohio from the fearful curse which is now making as terrible waste with her mental and intellectual resources, as with the products of her generous, teeming soil. Ah! if every woman would work—work as industriously as she does now to keep up with the last fashion, we should see our rich valleys waving their golden harvest in the summer breeze, for a higher and nobler purpose than to be cut down and tortured into deadly poison, to annihilate the manhood of the noblest and best in her borders.

Yours, FRANCES D. GAGE.

A Word From Illinois.

ELIDA, Dec. 23, 1853.

MRS. A. BLOOMER—*Dear Madam:*—Having been a resident of Northern Illinois almost since its first settlement, and having watched with great solicitude the progress of this rich and beautiful west, the present position, and future prospects, are a source of very many pleasing thoughts and emotions. Here, but a few years since nought was heard but the war-whoop of the savage, or his yell of joy as he pursued the chase, or "startled the wild beast in his lair;" and nothing seen but a vast extent of prairie, interspersed with fine groves, and winding streams, and rivulets, where civilization had never made its mark. Now an enterprising population, gathered within a few years, from all nations, swarm the former forest home of the wandering child of nature, while he is occupying other hunting grounds in the far off west, erecting his rude hut in the outstretched shadows of the Rocky Mountains. The uncultivated prairies are changed, almost as by magic, into the most productive farms, yielding to the husbandman, rich and bountiful harvests, as the result of his industry. Cities and villages spring up, almost in a day; railroads running to almost every important point in the State; and this being about the center of this great continent, we need not look very far into the "dim future," to behold this "rising genius of the west" stand up in proud grandeur, side by side with "any other sister State."

While these facts are in our view, that our State is advancing with such rapid strides in wealth and beauty, it is a matter of no small consideration that every effort should be used to give right tone to the sentiment, and to elevate the taste of the citizens of this newly settled State;—for "just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." Get started right, and there is hope that a right course will be pursued. Having seen a few copies of your LILY, and concuring in most, if not all, the different topics to which it is devoted, we thought it would be an advantage to have a few copies circulated in this community;—not, but that we all intend to be governed by just and right motives, and principles; but the opinion is so interwoven, into our natures from long usage, and early training, that woman's particular sphere of action is in the wash tub, and dish kettle, that to advance a step above that very *honorable* position, would be an innovation too intolerable to be treated soberly, or with common civility. But there seems to be a "change coming over the spirit of our dreams," which should be, and is, hailed with delight by every lover of justice and equality. This change is the result of a certain discovery, that woman is endowed with about as much *good hard common sense* as the "sterner sex,"— of quicker sensibility —sympathy more easily excited, and all the finer feelings of her woman's nature more susceptible of lively action. I am firmly of the opinion to place woman on an equal with man, give her a place at the ballot box, and a voice in our halls of legislation, and very soon, slavery, intemperance, and a host of other evils, together with all such laws as disgrace the statute book of our own State, would be recorded among the things that were, when gross darkness pervaded the minds of the people.

We received, some time since, a long communication from Miss C. D. Filkins, agent of the Women's N. Y. State Temperance Society, giving an account of her labors in Sullivan and Broome counties. Owing to its length and to its being rather old now we have thought best not to publish it, but to give instead the following extract from a private letter received a few days since; and which we think will be quite as gratifying to Miss Filkins, and as productive of good, as would the publication of her long letter:

"Bethel, Dec. 10th, 1853.

* * * * "Sister C. J. received *her* first No. of *The Lily*, this morning, and is much pleased with the perusal of its pages. Among other things which particularly interested us, was a word relative to Miss C. D. Filkins, as having spent some time, lecturing in Broome county. I am happy to say that *we*, the people of *Sullivan* county have been highly favored with her labors. The churches and other public buildings of old Sullivan, have not been better filled in a long time. All were interested, and many were *surprised*, at the ability, eloquence and grace, with which she delivered her *message*. Her arguments were well based, her propositions nobly and fearlessly sustained. Her appeals were heart-thrilling, and soul-stirring, and as she rapidly passes through the different towns of this county, addressing large audiences, almost *every* eve, she leaves in her wake a *powerful* influence, which, in my humble opinion, will tell loudly for the cause of Temperance and Right, at our coming town meetings, and greatly accelerate the "*good time coming*," when the *Maine* Liquor Law will sway its peaceful and moral sceptre, as does now old King Alcohol, his death rod. Many previously quite indifferent to the rum question, have, since her lectures, taken a decided stand in favor of the prohibitory Law. * * * *

Most respectfully yours,

J. K. R. B. Clayton.

☞ We have on hand several pieces of poetry on the same subject—The Lily—three of which we give below. The others are in some respects faulty, and besides we do not care to give our readers too much of a good thing; and so while we cordially thank the writers for their kind regards, and good wishes for ourself and The Lily, we must be excused from publishing their favors.—[Ed. Lily.

"THE LILY."

Glad I hail thee, beauteous Lily!
To my lonely wildwood home;
With thy truthful columns near me,
I feel I am not *all alone*.

For from them I learn that others
Pine for rights they vainly claim—
Noble daughters, sisters, mothers,
Long to break the hateful chain,

Which for centuries hath bound us;
Crushed each free and noble thought;
Flung a veil of weakness round us,
'Till we're almost counted *naught*.

But at length the world is waking,
From deep darkness unto light;
Fashion, custom, both forsaking,
Owns that woman, too, has right

Well to fill full many a station,
Hitherto assigned to man!
Leave the silly round of fashion,
And become——whate'er she can!

But to thee, thou beauteous Lily!
I ascribe much of the praise;
Thou hast waked from visions dreary
Many unto "wisdom's ways."

Thou hast led sad, thirsting daughters,
Up to truth's bright gushing fount;
Bade them bathe in freedom's waters—
Weep no more, but quickly mount,

To the height which God and nature,
Teach us is our proper sphere:
Man is but our fellow-creature—
Boundless mercy placed us here:

Not to act the cringing menial,
Toiling on from morn 'till night:
But to be his social equal;
Guiding all his steps aright.

May I ever gladly hail thee,
Messenger of right and peace!
May thy columns, lovely Lily!
Still in light and truth increase;

Until like the gentle flower,
Which gave thy name its birth,
Thou shalt stand thro' gale and shower,
Too fair a thing for earth!

Ettie.

Woodland Glen, Dec. 13.

"THE LILY."

Blooming ever, *blooming* ever, though the world is dark and drear,
And the other flowers all faded, long have graced their funeral bier:
Yet it lives, and thrives, and gladdens as it did in early spring,
Many a weary heart that longeth, for some unwithered thing.

Adverse winds, perchance, have passed it, with their hot and scorching breath,
But the *zephyrs*, too, have kissed it, keeping off disease and death;
And warm hearts have cheered and nourished with the sunshine of their smile,
And the "milk of human kindness," hath not ceased its dew, the while.

Bloom then, ever, gentle Lily! ope thy petals to the light,
Of the the fast approaching morning, that shall chase dark errors night—
Speed thy mission, hoping ever, *bloom* forever, "for the right!"

Hatty Simms.

TRANSPLANTING THE LILY.

Our Lily transplanted from Seneca's shores,
Will bloom in Mount Vernon as spotless and pure.
While the same tender hand shall unfold its bright leaves,
And scatter its fragrance to Heaven's broad breeze

The language of flowers is dear to my heart,
And the voice of The Lily such sweetness imparts;
As truth, robed in purity, fresh from above,
Encircles its advocates ever with love.

We welcome thee, Lily, to our dear cottage home:
Thou bringest us tidings of joys yet to come;
Glad tidings of freedom from trammels of woe—
Yes, freedom from vice, and from prejudice too.

Then speed on thy mission! may Heaven thee bless,
And grant to thy efforts a glorious success.
Go cheer the sad hearted, encourage the weak,—
In defence of thy principles fearlessly speak.

A sister of Seneca Chief Lodge.

Seneca Falls, Dec. 24, 1853.

Female Shoemakers.—It is stated that in Washington some of the most respectable and independent women, married and single, engage in the shoemaking business as an agreeable pastime, as well as from motives of economy. 'The gaiters which cost us $3 at the stores," writes a female, "cost us one day's labor and 60 cents for the best material bought at retail. One of us has made five pair of ladies' gaiters in a week. Many of us make shoes for ourselves and children, without neglecting other household duties. On Capitol Hill alone there are thirty ladies thus employed and about two hundred in the city. we find it very easy to make two pair of children's shoes in a day and they cost us here $1 25 a pair."—*Ex.*

What is this World.—A dream within a dream—as we grow old, each step is an inward wakening. The youth wakes as he thinks from childhood—the full grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary; the old man looks upon childhood as a feverish dream. Death the last sleep? No; it is the last final wakening.

Seneca Falls, N. Y., Dec. 22.

At a regular meeting of Seneca Falls Lodge, No. 22, I. O. of G. T., held Friday evening, Dec 9, 1853, the following preamble and resolutions were reported and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, We have learned that Brother and Sister Bloomer are about to remove from among us, we deem it our duty as members of this Lodge to express our deep regret at the departure of two such noble advocates in the great cause of humanity—of two such bright stars from our own beloved Lodge; Therefore

Resolved, That we are impressed with a sense of the great loss sustained by our Lodge, in this removal from among us; and that not only will our Lodge have lost two of its most useful and efficient members, but the cause of Temperance here two of its most useful advocates and society two of its brightest ornaments.

Resolved, That we tender our most hearty thanks to Brother and Sister Bloomer for the great good they have accomplished in the cause of Temperance, and that we most cheerfully recommend them to the citizens of Mount Vernon, Ohio; and, although we regret their departure, we also rejoice in the thought that others will be highly benefitted by our loss, and that other communities, through their labors, will be greatly advanced in this great and good cause.

Resolved, That the best wishes of this Lodge do and will continue to attend them, and that our most fervent prayer shall be for their prosperity and usefulness; and that they may finally enjoy the happy fruit of their labors in the cause of Temperance and Humanity, in that world where intemperance and oppression can never enter.

Resolved, That the above preamble and resolutions be published in the Lily, Western Home Visitor, Templar and Watchman, and Carson League.

W. R. POWELL, W. C. T.

Arthur S. Baker, W. S.

☞ A Correspondent of the *Western Home Visitor* draws the following sad picture of woman's influence in drunkard making in Cincinnati. It is a strange and deplorable fact that many of the so called virtuous and refined ladies of our cities, are in league with the depraved and hardened rumseller, for the destruction of men. They tempt with their smiles many to take the first glass, and thus commence in their parlors the work of death which the vile rumseller finishes up in his filthy den. Strange that there should be women so ignorant—so careless of the wrong they are doing, and the misery they are causing. Verily there is work for woman to do in the cause of temperance;—and she has not only to contend against the arts of the rumseller, but also those of her own sex.

The Ladies throughout the city spread luxuriant tables, and many a spruce, trim-looking gallant tipped his beaver, passed his compliments, and quaffed the sparkling beverage, presented to his lips by the smiling rosy-cheeked, fair-haired maidens. I am only surprised to find that this *Old Custom*,—wine bibbing—still prevails with many of the *elite* of Cincinnati. Its effects were partly portrayed before our vision ere the New Year's Holliday had passed, for on visiting one of the most attractive Parlors of the City, in the presence of those of the most facinating of the fair, I beheld some young gallants (supposed to be in *high* standing), so *highly* intoxicated that their attentions to the Ladies—their maneuverings, and tender acts and expressions were not only *disagreeable* to the fair, but to me extremely *disgusting*. I must acknowledge that I had *no sympathy* with young men, who are not sufficiently *inspired* by association with virtuous, intelligent, and refined ladies, without resorting to the sparkling cup—to stimulate their ambition, and render themselves objects of contempt and ridicule to the social circle. If young men are thus made drunkards, who are responsible?—Let the intelligent fair maidens answer.